

# An Act of Persuasion

by Composer of Discord

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Summary: "No, you're not a snitch." Nice agreed, "Though are you sure I can't bribe you?" Nice needs information regarding a case, and who better to go to than his friend Art? Although gathering information from his friend proves to be harder than he first thought. PWP yaoi one-shot. Don't read if you're not comfortable with it.

## An Act of Persuasion

**\*\*Warning:** This is rated M for a reason. Graphic PWP yaoi smut. Don't say I didn't warn you.\*\*

**\*\*Disclaimer:** I do not own Hamatora, or its characters. Just this one short smutty one-shot.\*\*

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><p><strong>An Act of Persuasion <strong>

"Nice?" The young superintendent looked the man in question over, a bit surprised to see him standing outside his flat but he supposed he shouldn't have been too shocked. Nice had been coming to see him more frequently for information regarding cases that Art had prudently advised him to steer clear of. Though of course, the young minimum holder ignored such advice, often being able to persuade Art's tongue to slip a fact or two.

"Art," the other addressed him, "can I come in for a few minutes?"

"Yes, you may." Art politely opened his door wider for the other to pass through. "May I interest you in something to drink? Tea perhaps?" Art offered since he had just made himself a pot. He found the burning liquid relaxing since trying to unwind when numerous thoughts were constantly flying through his mind to the point that

they can get jumbled in a convoluted mess made relaxing quite a taxing task all on its own. Tea seemed to be the only temporary cure.

"Tea is fine, thanks." Nice agreed as he slipped off his shoes and laid them beside Art's before entering the living room. It was neat as always, a thin layer of dust here and there, but he suspected it was because Art barely came home, and when he did, he would be too exhausted to clean.

Meanwhile Art had set the tea pot on a tray along with two tea cups and other essentials. He carried the tray to the living room and set it down on the coffee table before gesturing for Nice to sit down instead of studying his dÃ©cor which he had seen many times before.

"What would you like to know this time, Nice?" Art decided to be blunt instead of dancing around the subject of why Nice was really there.

The independent detective couldn't help but have a smile curl the corners of his lips as he held his hands up in a mock of surrender, "I'm here about the Masuda case."

Art sighed lightly through his nose, having known it was about a case. He poured the tea before plopping two sugar cubes in his own, having inherited a sweet tooth recently due to the caffeine it provided.

"The Masuda case is in the police's jurisdiction." As most things that Nice seemed to take an interest to, "What relevance does it have to Hamatora?"

"I believe it might tie into one of Hamatora's cases and it's to my understanding that the Masuda case has been decreed unsolved."

Art nodded, "Indeed it remains unsolved."

"So you've looked into it recently?"

"I know each and every file we have on record, Nice. It's part of the job."

"Is that why you can't sleep at night?"

There was an air of teasing in Nice's tone which Art returned, "Partially. One shouldn't know everything, but that is one of the burdens I alone must bear."

"Hm," Nice hummed as there was a spark of amusement flickering in those blue eyes, "would you like to share the burden? After all, you said so yourself. One alone shouldn't know everything."

A smile curled the corners of the superintendent's lips to see the other's persistence, "What I said earlier I stand by, Nice. I am not one of your snitches you can simply bribe for information."

"No, you're not a snitch." Nice agreed, "Though are you sure I can't bribe you?"

Violet eyes narrowed down at the other, taking slight offense even if the smile upon Nice's lips were only teasing. "I'm quite sure. No amount of payment, whatever it may be, would be sufficient to loosen my tongue."

Nice set his tea down, pensive blue eyes studying the man before him as Art could sense something mischievous brewing in those eyes, though Nice wasn't the only one. There was something in those heliotrope eyes that silently challenged Nice, spurring the other on to dare think of a way to make him talk.

After a moment into the silent battle, Nice pushed himself up, rising not only to his feet but also to the challenge that laid before him while violet eyes had lost some of its fire since he hadn't expected Nice to approach him so readily. The young minimum holder had gotten close enough to lean down beside the other, arms folded upon the arm rest while mirthful blue eyes looked up at the superintendent.

Nice's teasing smirk only widened at the silent message from Art which clearly asked, 'What the hell are you doing?' Of course he didn't have 'hell' in there, but it was fun to think so or at least for Nice it was. As for the question at hand Nice answered by leaning up closer to the superintendent who remained unwavering except for the small threatening furrow of those pale brows. The action only seemed to amuse Nice even more.

They were nearly nose to nose, eyes daring one another to make the first move as violet eyes glared vexingly at that playful glint in the opposing blue eyes. Meanwhile Nice could only smile in mirth to the anger that seemed to flare from within the superintendent, jokingly thinking back to the gun showdowns in those ridiculous Wild West shows he used to watch. His finger would be inching for the trigger by now, anticipating for the bell tower to ring.

As if on cue, Nice could hear the digital clock chime the current hour and shots were fired. His lips had clashed upon Art's who he had expected to back down, but there was too much built up for him to do so now. If he didn't want this, he would have shoved Nice away, but instead he met Nice's lips with his own, matching the young minimum holder's intensity.

Instinctively pale hands went to brace themselves when he felt Nice forcing him back into the armrest causing his back to arch and his hips to shift parallel to Nice in order to accommodate the obstacle. Seeing the other shift through the thickness of dark lashes, a strong arm wrapped around Art's waist to pull him up and closer.

With Art now sitting upon the arm rest, his legs instinctively wrapped around the lean waist while fingers moved to thread through the dark mess of hair. Nice let his hands frame each hip, forefingers tugging playfully upon the loop holes before coming to draw the once tucked white dress shirt up so his prying fingers could slip beneath the flimsy fabric.

By then the young minimum holder's lips had torn from Art's to latch upon the pointed chin. He made a path along the jaw line and to Art's ear to teasingly blow upon the patch of skin beneath the lobe. A pleased upward turn of his lips took over his features at the heat that seemed to blossom up the superintendent's neck to the tip of his

ears. He would have verbally teased the man but he refused to be the first to break under their silent battle, and so he continued his journey down the flushed column of Art's neck, teeth grazing where he saw fit, and nipping softly to earn sharp gasps or trembling exhales from his partner.

When Nice had reached the juncture between Art's neck and shoulder, the superintendent's hold on Nice's hair tightened to draw him back far enough to catch those blazing violet eyes. The demanding hand guided Nice closer to him so that he could return the favor, lips caressing the tanned skin contrasting to his own pale complexion.

With Art distracted Nice took advantage of the moment, hands slipping from Art's torso to the front of the shirt to first loosen the red tie. Next to go were the buttons as fingers hurriedly worked to undue each as if he were racing against the clock.

Art noticed Nice's fingers working on his shirt, and saw that the other had nearly had it off. Wanting to even the playing field, Art had pulled away to seal their lips together once more so his own hands could make quick work of Nice's clothes. He moved to slip the vest off before his own shirt was cast aside in a forgotten heap somewhere in the room. Pale fingers went to undue Nice's belt next along with the button and zipper. By the time he had the offending article of clothing around Nice's ankles, he didn't realize his own pants had been undone.

Before he could say a word though, he felt strong arms wrap around him, lifting him up with ease while his hands went to instinctively hold onto the young minimum holder. Licentious lips once again attacked any exposed pale patch of skin they could reach as Art shifted to bite down on Nice's shoulder in retaliation.

Nice had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from laughing much to Art's displeasure, and in return for the probably fine mark of a row of healthy teeth upon his skin, he flopped Art none too lightly upon the mattress. Art could feel the wind nearly knocked out of him, though that didn't stop him from sending a heated glare to Nice though the other seemed unphased or simply not care when he came to tug Art's pants down and off followed by the dark socks.

With Art now only clad in a pair of boxers, Nice decided to level the playing field and removed his shirt and headphones while the other watched. He cocked a dark questioning brow at Art as if asking, 'Like what you see?'

Art only shook his head lightly in amusement with a soft smile coming to warm his features. He extended his hand out for Nice who was too happy to take it and crawl his way to the superintendent. It seemed as if the anger had dissipated though the fire was still there; the desire to dare one another to do the unthinkable spurred curious hands to wander.

Fingers traced over old scars knowing there was a story behind each while Nice had found that Art had more than one beauty mark to dot his body. They explored every dip and natural curve as if searing it to their memory to hold on to for a rainy day. Or to at least delay time for a moment longer since it seemed as though time were a fleeting number, counting down a set limit for which they could be

together.

Smashing the timer against the wall, so to speak, Nice no longer wanted to run anymore. He didn't want to race to beat time but more so wanted to wade through it with Art as he rested a gentle hand upon Art's shoulder to push him back against the sheets while he followed him. Violet eyes looked up at the other above him, understanding that something had changed, weapons had been abandoned and discarded as all that was left was just the two of them like this.

A white flag was raised, and Art allowed Nice to take over, knowing the other man would take care of him. Although, such train of thoughts were suddenly derailed when Nice's forefinger slipped under the elastic band of Art's boxers to playfully snap it against the superintendent's skin, earning a halfhearted punch against his shoulder for ruining the moment.

'Well get on with it.' Art wanted to say, though he kept his lips sealed. He might have surrendered his body to Nice, but not his mind. Nice had yet to loosen his tongue and he wouldn't dare let him. Meanwhile Nice had let out a small chuckle before slipping the article of clothing off which was shortly followed by his own.

The young minimum holder ground his hips against Art's, causing the superintendent's breath to hitch and hands grasping blindly to sheets beneath him. Nice rolled his hips one more, hand coming to raise Art's leg higher up. The other complied, one leg following the other as he let Nice just roll his hips against him in ways that had him biting down against his bottom lip in a vain attempt to silence any embracing noises he was surely making.

Hearing the soft moans from Art urged Nice to reach between them and wrap his hand around the both of them, gaining more friction as they moved in time with one another. Art's grip upon the sheets tightened as violet eyes screwed shut, still refusing to say a word as Nice continued, though his resolve was steadily beginning to slip.

A smile curled upon Nice's lips to see the determined look in Art's violet eyes when they opened once more to glare back at him. Deciding that Art needed more coaxing, he stilled his hand earning a disappointed sigh from the superintendent, though Art took advantage of the moment to catch his breath.

Meanwhile, Nice leaned over to search through Art's side drawer, thinking that he must have some somewhere. He let out a triumphant, "Ah-hah!" when his fingers found purchase around the desired object, and even a larger smile when he found something else they would surely need.

Reserved violet eyes watched as Nice uncapped the tube to spread its contents upon his fingers, rubbing them together to warm the cool liquid. Knowing what was coming next, Art decided to regain some control when he sat up and shifted so he straddled Nice's lap with one hand coming to toy with the little strands of hair that tickled the back of his partner's neck. His other hand came to grasp Nice's wrist, guiding it to where he needed him at the moment as Nice needed no further prompting.

His forefinger circled the small area in warning before slowly pushing the small appendage past the tight ring of muscle. Art's hand

had stopped fiddling with Nice's hair in favor of gripping the man's shoulder as he leaned into him and rested his head against the nape of Nice's neck. His heated breath tickled the young minimum holder's skin, but he didn't let that stop him.

His finger continued to prepare Art, twisting and turning based on the small noises Art had stifled against his shoulder. When he felt it was time to add in the second, Art had bit down on his shoulder once more.

"Nghê|" Nice pressed an encouraging kiss into Art's lilac hair, stilling his fingers for a moment before continuing on once more. It wasn't long until Art began to roll his hips in time with Nice's thrusting fingers. His features belying that of discomfort now mirrored the pleasure he was receiving.

Blue eyes widened slightly in awe of his partner. They traced the slightly parted lips and the tightly shut eyes until Nice found himself pressing a kiss once more upon Art's lips. His tongue swiped along Art's bottom lip as if for permission to enter, though he did not need to ask. Art had parted them with little to no thought whatsoever.

Without further ceremony, Nice slipped his tongue into the other's heated mouth as Art met him. He could taste the sweetness of the tea from earlier before Art abruptly pulled away to release a broken cry due to something inside him being brushed against.

Having enough with teasing, Nice swiftly removed his fingers before guiding Art yet again upon his back. Art didn't have time to voice his disappointment from the missing fingers when he was silenced by the sight of Nice ripping the small packet with his teeth and rolling the rubber on. Art's hands swiftly braced themselves upon Nice's shoulder when the other began to position himself before entering.

A hoarse cry had ripped through him as his head was thrown back and eyes screwed shut. Nice could feel Art's thighs squeeze against his sides and the blunt fingernails digging into his skin. Once he was fully sheathed, he stilled his hips and lowered himself upon his forearms so he could press a soothing kiss upon Art's cheek, nose, and lips while Art was trying to adjust.

The superintendent knowing the pain wouldn't last just nudged Nice's shoulder to go for he couldn't wait any longer for the pain to subside. Getting the silent message, Nice began to move, starting the pace slow for Art's sake even though he felt his own sides quake for the desire to pick up the pace.

Art had held onto him all the while, arms wrapped around Nice's back as his pale fingers were fanned across the tanned shoulder blades of his partner. He couldn't remember when was the last time he had done this as it took him some time to slowly begin to relax his muscles, making it easier for Nice to move and the speed to pick up.

Nice leaned his head against Art's shoulder, nose pressed against the other's neck as he could faintly smell something he could only describe as Art. It wasn't flowery, or musky like cologne, but it was filled with the scent of coffee, sugar, and even a mix of something like books and the worn leather couch in Art's office. It was him; it was Art, as he pressed closer to muffle his grunt or moan from the

clenching of Art's muscles around him.

Still neither one had uttered a word, just sounds of mutual pleasure as both moved together in harmony.

"Ahn!" Art's back arched sharply when something was abruptly struck within him. An all knowing smile curled the corners of Nice's lips as he repeated the motion which earned another rather loud moan and violet eyes peering up at him through pale lashes. Art wasn't sure if he was supposed to glare at him for that mocking smile he seemed to love to wear or pull him closer as if they weren't close enough.

Before he could decide himself, he felt Nice's fingers coming to brush away stray pieces of light hair from his eyes to better see those blue eyes look back at him with a look of adoration. Although his mind was too clouded at the moment to fully understand the look in Nice's eyes. Instead he could only focus on the way Nice held him close to him while they moved in unison and Nice seemed to understand this. So he kept his words and thoughts to himself as a familiar coil started to tighten in his gut. It was a tall tale sign that he was nearing his release.

With one hand, he slipped it between their bodies to wrap around Art's member and stroking in time with his thrusts which earned him another sharp intake from Art. It only took a few more thrusts before Nice found Art's name being torn from his lips, but if he had heard right through the haze of his bliss, he could have sworn he had heard his name too.

The battle was complete, either side ending in a tie with Nice having to hold himself from collapsing a top of his partner. Meanwhile Art's chest heaved rapidly trying to regain his breath before he could feel Nice's arms tremble beside him. His muscles must have felt like led, as Art's arms still around Nice guided the other to rest against him as Nice needed no further prompting.

He wrapped his arms around Art to take some of the weight off of him before lying atop of him. His matted hair tickled the superintendent's chin as the feeling made a warm smile grace his features. With the last bit of energy he had left of him, he pulled the sheets over their rapidly cooling bodies and pressed an affectionate kiss upon the dark locks. Violet eyes closed as he imagined his hair must have been in disarray let alone the sticky mess he felt between their pressed bodies.

At the kiss, Nice slowly raised his head to smile at Art, feeling satisfiedâ€|partially. "Artâ€|"

"Hm?" the other hummed.

"About the Masuda caseâ€|"

Before Nice could say anymore Art had sharply cut him off with a swift, "No."

"No?"

"No." Art confirmed before a small weary smile adorned his features, "Do you ever give up?"

"Nope." Art wasn't given time to really grimace when Nice had suddenly pulled out of him and flipped him over onto his knees, hands coming to raise his hips. Nice couldn't help but smile at the pleasant view, leaning over to rest his head against Art's shoulder blade much to the superintendent's surprise to the sudden change of events.

"No, I'm afraid I'm just as stubborn as you, Art, if not more."

"I must say, Nice, if this is your method of persuasion, you might want to change it."

"Hold on, Art," Nice hummed with an amused smile curling the corners of his lips, "We've only just begun."

The war was far from over.

**\*\*The End\*\***

**\*\*A/N:** So I hope that wasn't a train wreck. I've only written smut a few times, and edited this in two days so I apologize for any grammar or silly typo mistakes. With that said, I hope you enjoyed, and take care!**\*\***

End  
file.